



T H E  
D O W N F A L L Love will find out  
O F the Way.  
G I L D E R O Y.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,  
had roses to his shoon?  
His stockings were made of finest silk,  
his garters hanging down;  
It was a comely sight to see,  
he was so trim a boy:  
He was my joy and heart's delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy,  
Oh! sick a charming eye he had,  
a breath as sweet's a rose;  
He never wore a filken plaid,  
but costly filken clothes.  
He gain'd the love of ladies gay,  
there's none to him was coy!  
Ah! wae's me! I's mourn this day  
For my dear Gilderoy.  
My Gilderoy and I was born,  
both in one town together;  
Not past seven years of age,  
since one did love each other:  
Our daddies and our mammies doth,  
were fill'd wi' mickly joy,  
To think upon the bridal day,  
'Twixt I and Gilderoy  
For Gilderoy, that love of mine,  
indeed I freely bought,  
A wedding fark of holland fine,  
with filken flowers wrought;  
And he gave me a wedding ring,  
which I receiv'd with joy:  
No lads nor lasses e're could sing.  
Like my sweet Gilderoy.  
In mickle joy we spent our time,  
till we was both fifteen;  
Then gently he did lay me down  
amongst the leaves so green;  
When he had done what he could do  
he rose and gang'd his way:  
But ever since I lov'd this man,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

While we did both together play  
he kifs'd me o'er and o'er;  
I wat it was blyth a day  
as e'er I saw before:  
He fill'd my heart in every vein  
with love and meikle joy,  
Who was my love and heart's delight,  
Mine own sweet Gilderoy.  
Oh! never, never, shall I see  
the cause of past delight;  
Or sick a lovely lad as he  
transport my ravish'd sight:  
The law forbids what love enjoins,  
and does prevent our joy,  
Tho' fair and just were the designs,  
Of me and Gilderoy.  
'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,  
must he be punish'd then;  
What kind of cruelty is this  
to hang such handsome men?  
The flower of the Scottish land,  
a sweet and lovely boy:  
He likewise has a handfomd hand,  
My handsome Gilderoy.  
At Leith they took my Gilderoy.  
and there alas! they hanged him:  
Carried him to Edinburgh,  
and there alas! they hanged him:  
They hanged him up above the rest  
he was so trim a boy;  
My only love and heart's delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.  
This having yielded up his breath,  
in cypress he was laid;  
Then to my dearest after death  
a funeral I made;  
Over his grave a marble stone,  
I fixed for my joy;  
Now I am left to weep alone,  
For my dear Gilderoy

Over the mountains,  
and over the waves;  
Under the fountains,  
and under the graves;  
Over floods that are deepest,  
which Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest!  
love will find out the way,  
Where there is no place  
for the glow-worm to lie,  
Where there is no space  
for receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture,  
lest herself last she lay;  
If love come, he will enter,  
and soon find out the way,  
You may esteem him  
a child for his might,  
Or you may deem him  
a coward for his flight:  
But if she whom love doth honour  
be conceal'd from the day;  
Set a thousand guards upon her  
love will find out the way.  
Some think to lose him  
by having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
poor thing to be blind:  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if so you call him,  
will find out the way.  
You may train the eagle,  
to stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
the phoenix of the east:  
The lionses, ye may move her  
to give o'er her prey;  
But you'll never stop a lover,  
he'll find out the way,

May 6th, 1776.